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G H O S T.

B O O K IV.

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L O N D O N :

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T H E

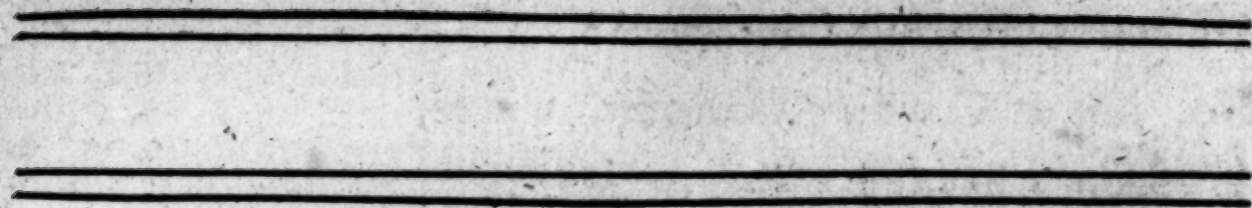
G H O S T



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T H E

G H O S T.

B O O K IV.

*C*OXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence  
To something of exalted sense  
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wise*,  
Affect those pleasures to despise,  
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,  
Bring no improvement to the mind,  
Rail at all pomp; They would not go  
For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,

K k

Nor

Nor can forgive the mighty crime  
Of countenancing *Pantomime* ;  
No, not at COVENT-GARDEN, where,  
Without a head for play or play'r,  
Or, could a head be found most fit,  
Without one play'r to second it,  
They must, obeying *Folly's* call,  
Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.

With these *grave* Fops, who (bless their brains)  
Most cruel to themselves, take pains  
For wretchedness, and would be thought  
Much wiser than a wise man ought  
For his own happiness to be,  
Who, what they hear, and what they see,  
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,  
Distrust, till REASON sets her seal,  
And, by long trains of consequences  
Enfur'd, gives Sanction to the *Senses* ;  
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste  
One hour in what the World calls Taste,  
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry  
Unless they know some reason why ;

With



With these *grave* Fops, whose system seems  
To give up Certainty for dreams,  
The *Eye* of Man is understood  
As for no other purpose good  
Than as a door, thro' which of course  
Their passage crouding objects force,  
A downright Usher, to admit  
New-Comers to the Court of *Wit*.  
(Good GRAVITY, forbear thy spleen  
When I say *Wit*, I *Wisdom* mean.)  
Where (such the practice of the Court,  
Which legal Precedents support)  
Not one Idea is allow'd  
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,  
But e're It can obtain the grace  
Of holding in the brain a place,  
Before the Chief in Congregation  
Must stand a *strict Examination*.

Not such as *Those*, who PHYSIC twirl,  
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,  
Who prove, with all becoming State,  
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,

Prepar'd



Prepar'd with *Essence, Drop, and Pill,*  
 To be another *WARD, or HILL,*  
 Before they can obtain their Ends  
 To sign Death-warrants for their Friends,  
 And talents vast as their's employ,  
*Secundum Artem* to destroy,  
 Must pass (or Laws their rage restrain)  
 Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane.*  
 Thrice happy *Lane,* where uncontroll'd,  
 In *Pow'r* and *Lethargy* grown old,  
 Most fit to take, in this blest Land,  
 The reins which fell from *WYNDHAM's* hand,  
 Her lawful throne great *DULLNESS* rears,  
 Still more herself as more in Years;  
 Where She (and who shall dare deny  
 Her right, when *REEVES* and *CHAUNCEY's* by)  
 Calling to mind, in antient time,  
 One *GARTH* who err'd in Wit and Rhime,  
 Ordains from henceforth to admit  
 None of the rebel Sons of Wit,  
 And makes it her peculiar care  
 That *SCHOMBERG* never shall be there.

Not



Not such as *Those*, whom FOLLY trains  
 To Letters, tho' unblest'd with brains,  
 Who, destitute of pow'r and will  
 To learn, are kept to learning still;  
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,  
 Receive instruction from the tail,  
 Because their Sires, a common case,  
 Which brings the Children to disgrace,  
 Imagine it a certain rule,  
 They never could beget a Fool,  
 Must pass, or must *compound for*, ere  
 The *Chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,  
 Will give his *reverend Permit*,  
 Announcing them for Orders fit,  
 So that the Prelate (what's a Name?  
 All Prelates now are much the same)  
 May with a conscience safe and quiet,  
 With holy hands lay on that *Fiat*,  
 Which doth all faculties dispense,  
*All Sanctity, all Faith, all Sense*,  
 Makes MADAN quite a Saint appear,  
 And makes an Oracle of CHEERE.



Not such as in that solemn seat,  
Where the *nine Ladies* hold retreat,  
The *Ladies nine*, who, as we're told,  
Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,  
The banks of Isis now prefer,  
Nor will one hour from OXFORD stir,  
Are held for form; which BALAAM's *Ass*  
As well as BALAAM's self might pass,  
And with his Master take degrees,  
Could he contrive to pay the Fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,  
O'erload the Storehouse of the head  
With furniture they ne'er can use,  
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse  
This wild excursion; cannot see  
Why *Physic* and *Divinity*,  
To the Surprise of all beholders,  
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;  
Or how, in any point of view,  
OXFORD hath any thing to do;  
But Men of nice and subtle Learning,  
Remarkable for quick discerning,

Thro'



Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,  
Without instruction, will behold  
That We a Method here have got,  
To shew What is, by What is not,  
And that our drift (*Parentthesis*  
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells,  
A certain *Lord Chief Justice* dwells  
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom One and All,  
With common Voice, We REASON call;  
Tho', for the purposes of Satire,  
A name in Truth is no great Matter,  
JEFFERIES OF MANSFIELD, which You will,  
It means a *Lord Chief Justice* still.  
*Here*, so our great Projectors say,  
The Senses all must homage pay,  
*Hither* They all must tribute bring,  
And prostrate fall before their King.  
Whatever unto them is brought,  
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought  
Before his throne, where, in full state,  
He on their merits holds debate,

Examines,



Examines, Cross-examines, Weighs  
 Their right to censure or to praise;  
 Nor doth his equal voice depend  
 On narrow Views of foe and friend,  
 Nor can or flattery or force  
 Divert him from his steady course;  
 The Channel of Enquiry's clear,  
 No *sham Examination's* here.

He, upright Justicer, no doubt,  
*Ad libitum* puts in and out,  
 Adjusts and settles in a trice  
 What Virtue is, and What is Vice,  
 What is Perfection, what Defect,  
 What we must chuse, and what reject;  
 He takes upon him to explain  
 What Pleasure is, and what is Pain,  
 Whilst We, obedient to the Whim,  
 And resting all our faith on him,  
 True Members of the *Stoic* weal,  
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious System form'd, for Man  
 To practise when and how he can,

If



If the five Senses in alliance  
To Reason hurl a proud defiance,  
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,  
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,  
Which they a greater slav'ry hold,  
Than Jewish Bondage was of old;  
Or if They, something touch'd with shame,  
Allow him to retain the name  
Of Royalty, and, as in Sport,  
To hold a mimic formal Court;  
Permitted, no uncommon thing,  
To be a kind of Puppet King,  
And suffer'd, by the way of toy,  
To hold a globe, but not employ;  
Our *System-mongers*, struck with fear,  
Prognosticate destruction near;  
All things to Anarchy must run;  
The little World of Man's undone.

Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest Sense,  
Neglect to send intelligence  
Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,  
Of all that passes in her sphere,

M m

Should



Should She presumptuous joy receive,  
Without the Understanding's leave,  
They deem it rank and daring Treason  
Against the Monarchy of REASON,  
Not thinking, tho' they're *wondrous* wise,  
That few have *Reason*, most have *Eyes*;  
So that the Pleasures of the Mind  
To a small circle are confin'd,  
Whilst those which to the Senses fall,  
Become the Property of All.

Besides (and this is sure a Case  
Not much at present out of place)  
Where NATURE Reason doth deny,  
No Art can that defect supply,  
But if (for it is our intent  
Fairly to state the argument)  
A Man should want an eye or two,  
The Remedy is sure, tho' new;  
The Cure's at hand — no need of Fear —  
For proof — behold the CHEVALIER —  
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,  
To put Eyes in, as put them out.

But,



But, Argument apart, which tends  
 T' embitter foes, and sep'rate friends,  
 (Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,  
 Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,  
 And foe of course to Reason's weal,  
 Widen that breach I cannot heal)  
 By his own Sense and Feelings taught,  
 In speech as lib'ral as in thought,  
 Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;  
 What's He to Me, or I to him?  
 Might I, tho' never rob'd in *Ermine*,  
 A matter of this weight determine,  
 No Penalties should settled be  
 To force men to Hypocrisy,  
 To make them ape an awkward zeal,  
 And, feeling not, pretend to feel.  
 I would not have, might sentence rest  
 Finally fix'd within my breast,  
 E'en ANNET censur'd and confin'd,  
 Because we're of a diff'rent mind.

NATURE, who in her act most free,  
 Herself delights in Liberty,

Profuse



Profuse in Love, and, without bound,  
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;  
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed  
In double Portions on our head,  
We could not truly bounteous call,  
If FREEDOM did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,  
*Brutes* never can mistake their way,  
Determin'd still, they plod along  
By Instinct, neither right nor wrong;  
But Man, had he the heart to use  
His Freedom, hath a right to chuse,  
Whether He acts or well, or ill,  
Depends entirely on his will;  
To her last work, her fav'rite Man,  
Is giv'n on NATURE's better plan  
A Privilege in pow'r to *err*,  
Nor let this phrase resentment stir  
Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,  
The little merit Man can plead  
In doing well, dependeth still  
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions



Opinions should be free as air;  
 No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er  
 His Qualities, a claim can found  
 That my Opinion must be bound,  
 And square with his; such slavish chains  
 From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,  
 Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend  
 To wear them even from a friend.  
 Let Those, who rigid Judgment own,  
 Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,  
 And if They of no value hold  
 Pleasure, till Pleasure is grown cold,  
 Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait  
 For Judgment's regular debate  
 To give it warrant, let them find  
 Dull Subjects suited to their mind;  
 Their's be flow Wisdom; Be *my* plan  
 To live as merry as I can,  
 Regardless as the fashions go,  
 Whether there's Reason for't, or no;  
 Be my employment here on earth  
 To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,  
 Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,  
 And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.



But if, by Error led astray,  
 I chance to wander from my way,  
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,  
 I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.  
 That Doctor could I ne'er endure,  
 Who found disease, and not a cure,  
 Nor can I hold that man a friend,  
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend  
 To open happy Folly's eyes,  
 And, making wretched, make me wise;  
 For next, a Truth which can't admit  
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,  
 To *being* happy here below,  
 Is to *believe* that we are so.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,  
 I place my comfort in *belief*.  
 Some for *Reality* may call,  
 FANCY to me is All in All.  
*Imagination*, thro' the trick  
 Of Doctors, often makes us sick,  
 And why, let any Sophist tell,  
 May it not likewise make us well?

This



This am I fure, whate'er our view,  
 Whatever shadows we purfue,  
 For our purfuits, be what they will,  
 Are little more than shadows fill,  
 Too swift they fly, too swift and ftrong,  
 For man to catch, or hold them long.  
 But Joys which in the FANCY live,  
 Each moment to each man may give.  
 True to himfelf, and true to eafe,  
 He fsoftens Fate's fevere decrees,  
 And (can a Mortal wifh for more?)  
 Creates, and makes himfelf new o'er,  
 Mocks boasted vain *Reality*,  
 And *Is*, whate'er, he wants to Be.

Hail, FANCY—to thy pow'r I owe  
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,  
 To Thee I owe a mighty debt,  
 Which Gratitude fhall ne'er forget,  
 Whilft Mem'ry can her force employ,  
 A large encrease of ev'ry joy.  
 When at my doors, too ftrongly barr'd,  
*Authority* had plac'd a guard,



A *knave's* guard, ordain'd by Law,  
 To keep *poor Honesty* in awe;  
*Authority*, severe and stern,  
 To intercept my wish'd return;  
 When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,  
 And Laughter seiz'd each sober fool;  
 When Candour started in amaze,  
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise;  
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes  
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise;  
 When All around Me, with an air  
 Of hopeless Sorrow, look'd Despair,  
 When They or said, or seem'd to say,  
 There is but one, one only way;  
 Better, and be advis'd by us,  
 Not be at all, than to be thus;  
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride  
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,  
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,  
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear;  
 Health in her motion, the wild grace  
 Of Pleasure speaking in her face,  
 Dull Regularity thrown by,  
 And Comfort beaming from her eye,

FANCY,



FANCY, in richest robes array'd,  
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,  
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,  
And, more to bless me, came in *Rhime*.

Nor is her Pow'r to Me confin'd,  
It spreads, It comprehends Mankind.

When (to the Spirit-stirring sound  
Of Trumpets breathing Courage round,  
And Fifes, well mingled to restrain,  
And bring that Courage down again,  
Or to the melancholy knell  
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,  
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*  
Muffled, to mortify the pride  
Of those, who, ENGLAND quite forgot,  
Paid their vile homage to the SCOT,  
Where ASGILL held the foremost place,  
Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)  
*Processions* ('tis not worth debate  
Whether They are of Stage or State)  
Move on, so very very slow,  
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;



When the Performers all the while  
Mechanically frown or smile,  
Or, with a dull and stupid stare,  
A vacancy of Sense declare,  
Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought  
Into a Labyrinth of Thought,  
Where Reason wanders still in doubt,  
And, once got in, cannot get out;  
What cause sufficient can we find  
To satisfy a thinking mind,  
Why, dup'd by such vain farces, Man  
Descends to act on such a plan?  
Why They, who hold themselves divine,  
Can in such wretched follies join,  
Strutting like Peacocks, or like Crows,  
*Themselves* and *Nature* to expose?  
What Cause, but that (you'll understand  
We have our Remedy at hand,  
That if perchance we start a doubt,  
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,  
As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,  
Whether for Profit, Fame, or Whim,  
Or mere experiment to try,  
Must always have a *Styptic* by)



FANCY steps in, and stamps that *real*,  
Which, *ipso facto*, is *Ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,  
All must remember that rare show,  
When to the Country SENSE went down,  
And Fools came flocking up to Town,  
When *Knights* (a work which all admit  
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)  
Built booths for hire; when *Parsons* play'd,  
In robes *Canonical* array'd,  
And, Fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,  
The price of Tickets to advance;  
Or, unto Tapsters turn'd, dealt out,  
Running from Booth to Booth about,  
To ev'ry Scoundrel, by retail,  
True pennyworths of Beef and Ale,  
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,  
For present grand *Electioneering*;  
When *Heralds*, running all about  
To bring in Order, turn'd it Out;  
When, by the *prudent Marshal's* care,  
Left the rude populace should stare,

And



And with unhallow'd eyes profane  
Gay Puppets of Patrician strain,  
The whole Procession, as in spite,  
Unheard, unseen, stole off by Night;  
When our Lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,  
Solemnly took that sacred oath,  
Whence mutual firm agreements spring  
Betwixt the *Subject*, and the *King*,  
By which, in usual manner crown'd,  
His *Head*, his *Heart*, his *Hands* he bound,  
Against *himself*, should Passion stir  
The least Propensity to err,  
Against all *Slaves*, who might prepare  
Or open force, or hidden snare,  
That *glorious* CHARTER to maintain,  
By which *We* serve, and *He* must reign;  
Then FANCY, with unbounded sway,  
Revell'd sole Mistress of the day,  
And wrought such wonders, as might make  
*Egyptian* Sorcerers forsake  
Their baffled mockeries, and own  
The Palm of *Magic* Her's alone.



A KNIGHT (who in the filken lap  
 Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on Pap,  
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam  
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,  
 Nor even that, unless a *Guide*  
 Was plac'd to amble by his side,  
 And troops of Slaves were spread around  
 To keep his Honour safe and found,  
 Who could not suffer for his life  
 A Point to sword, or Edge to knife,  
 And always fainted at the sight  
 Of Blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight,  
 Who disinherited one Son  
 For firing off an *Elder Gun*,  
 And whipt another, fix years old,  
 Because the Boy, presumptuous, bold  
 To Madness, likely to become  
 A very Swiss, had beat a drum,  
 Tho' it appear'd an instrument  
 Most *peaceable* and *innocent*,  
 Having from first been in the hands  
 And service of the *City Bands*)  
 Grac'd with those ensigns, which were meant  
 To further Honour's dread intent,



The Minds of Warriors to inflame,  
And spur them on to deeds of Fame,  
With little Sword, large Spurs, high Feather,  
Fearless of ev'ry thing but Weather,  
(And all must own, who pay regard  
To Charity, it had been hard  
That in his very first *Campaign*  
His *Honours* should be foil'd with rain)  
A Hero all at once became,  
And (seeing others much the same  
In point of Valour as himself,  
Who leave their Courage on a shelf  
From Year to Year, till some such rout  
In proper season calls it out)  
Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more  
Than ever Hero did before,  
Look'd up, Look'd down, Look'd all around,  
Like MAJORS, grimly smil'd and frown'd,  
Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call  
To fight, that he might rout them all,  
And personated Valour's style  
So long, Spectators to beguile,  
That passing strange, and wondrous true,  
Himself at last believ'd it too,

Nor



Nor for a time could he discern  
Till Truth and Darknes took their turn,  
So well did FANCY play her part,  
That Coward still was at the heart.

WHIFFLE (who knows not WHIFFLE's name,  
By the impartial voice of fame  
Recorded first, thro' all this land,  
In Vanity's illustrious band?)  
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant  
For offices of hardiment,  
A modern HERCULES at least,  
To rid the world of each wild beast,  
Of each wild beast which came in view,  
Whether on four legs or on two,  
Degenerate, delights to prove  
His force on the *Parade* of Love,  
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,  
And for the Distaff quits the sword;  
Who fond of women would appear  
To public eye, and public ear,  
But, when in private, let's them know  
How little they can trust to show;

Who



Who sports a Woman, as of course,  
Just as a Jockey shews a horse,  
And then returns her to the stable,  
Or vainly plants her at his table,  
Where he would rather VENUS find,  
(So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)  
Than, by some great occasion led,  
To seize Her panting in her bed,  
Burning with more than mortal fires,  
And melting in her own desires;  
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,  
Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling, wild;  
Whate'er in others, who proceed  
As Sense and Nature have decreed,  
From real passion flows, in him  
Is mere effect of mode and whim;  
Who Laughs, a very common way,  
Because he nothing has to say,  
As your *choice* SPIRITS oaths dispense  
To fill up vacancies of Sense;  
Who, having some small Sense, defies it,  
Or, using, always misapplies it;  
Who now and then brings something forth,  
Which seems indeed of Sterling Worth,

Some-



Something, by sudden Start and Fit,  
 Which at a distance looks like wit,  
 But, on Examination near,  
 To his confusion will appear  
 By Truth's fair glass, to be at best  
 A Threadbare Jester's threadbare jest;  
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,  
 Sings without voice, rides without feat,  
 Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's As,.  
 A *gratis* fool to all who pass;  
 Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,  
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,  
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,  
 Does every thing but what he ought,  
 Who, led by forms, without the pow'r  
 Of Vice, is Vicious, who one hour,  
 Proud without Pride, the next will be  
 Humble without Humility;  
 Whose Vanity we all discern,  
 The Spring on which his actions turn;  
 Whose aim in erring, is to err,  
 So that he may be singular,  
 And all his utmost wishes mean,  
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen.



*Such* (for when FLATT'RY's soothing strain  
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,  
 And found a method to persuade  
 Her art, to soften ev'ry shade,  
 JUSTICE enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd  
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd  
 Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,  
 From life this striking likeness caught)  
 In Mind, in Manners, and in Mien,  
*Such* WHIFFLE came, and such was seen  
 In the World's eye, but (strange to tell!)  
 Missed by FANCY's magic spell,  
 Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,  
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,  
 Was more than human in his own.  
 O bow, bow All at FANCY's throne,  
 Whose Pow'r could make so vile an Elf,  
 With Patience bear that thing, *himself*.

But, Mistress of each art to please,  
 Creative FANCY, what are these,  
*These* Pageants of a trifler's Pen,  
 To what thy Pow'r effected then?

Familiar



Familiar with the human mind,  
 As swift and subtle as the wind,  
 Which we all feel, yet no one knows  
 Or whence it comes, or where it goes,  
 FANCY at *once* in ev'ry part  
 Possess'd the Eye, the Head, the Heart,  
 And in a thousand forms array'd,  
 A thousand various gambols play'd.

*Here,* in a Face which well might ask  
 The Privilege to wear a mask  
 In spite of Law, and Justice teach  
 For public good t'excuse the breach,  
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle  
 'Twixt Eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,  
 Like Centinels i' th' starry way,  
 Who wait for the return of day  
 Almost burnt out, and seem to keep  
 Their watch, like Soldiers, in their sleep,  
 Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r  
 Of Law, must burn from hour to hour,  
 (Else they, without redemption, fall  
 Under the terrors of that Hall,

Which,



Which, once notorious for a *hop*,  
Is now become a *Justice-shop*)  
Which are so manag'd, to go out  
Just when the time comes round about,  
Which yet thro' emulation strive  
To keep their dying light alive,  
And (not uncommon, as we find,  
Amongst the children of mankind)  
As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,  
And burn a little, little longer;  
FANCY, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,  
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,  
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force  
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,  
And, hardly credible in Rhime,  
Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time.  
The Face, of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,  
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,  
Down the Neck ringlets spread their flame,  
The Neck admiring whence they came;  
On the Arch'd Brow the *Graces* play'd;  
On the full Bosom *Cupid* laid;  
*Suns*, from their proper orbits sent,  
Became for Eyes a supplement;

Teeth,



Teeth, white as ever Teeth were seen  
 Deliver'd from the hand of GREEN,  
 Started, in regular array,  
 Like Train-Bands on a grand Field-day,  
 Into the Gums, which would have fled,  
 But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,  
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine,  
 And Lady ——— was fifteen.

*Here* She made lordly temples rise  
 Before the pious DASHWOOD's eyes,  
 Temples which built aloft in air,  
 May serve for show, if not for pray'r;  
 In solemn form Herself, before,  
 Array'd like *Faith*, the Bible bore.  
*There*, over MELCOMB's feather'd head,  
 Who, quite a man of Gingerbread,  
 Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyz,  
 More of another World than this,  
 To a *dwarf Muse a Giant Page*,  
 The last grave Fop of the last Age,  
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,  
*Bescutcheon'd* and *betagg'd* with Verse,

R r

Which,



Which, to Beholders from afar,  
Appear'd like a triumphal Car,  
She rode, in a *cast* Rainbow clad;  
*There*, throwing off the *hallow'd* plaid,  
Naked, as when (in those drear Cells  
Where, *Self-blefs'd*, *Self-curs'd*, MADNESS dwells),  
PLEASURE, on whom, in *Laughter's* shape,  
FRENZY had perfected a rape,  
First brought her forth, before her time,  
Wild Witness of her shame and crime,  
Driving before an Idol band  
Of driv'ling STUARTS, hand in hand,  
Some, who to curse Mankind, had Wore  
A Crown they ne'er must think of more,  
Others, whose baby brows were grac'd  
With Paper Crowns, and Toys of Paste,  
She Jigg'd, and playing on the Flute,  
Spread raptures o'er the soul of BUTE.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,  
Which wrought the busy soul of man  
To her full bent, the CIVIL LAW,  
Fit *Code* to keep a world in awe,



Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,  
 As *Jewish Frontlets* were of old,  
 The famous CHARTER of our land,  
 Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;  
 As one whom deepest thoughts employ,  
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,  
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,  
 Before him troops of Heroes walk'd,  
 Whom best He lov'd, of Heroes crown'd,  
 By TORIES guarded all around,  
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,  
 He saw the honours of his race,  
 He saw their lineal glories rise,  
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.  
 Not the most distant mark of fear,  
 No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,  
 Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,  
 Of such a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant Jade,  
 A Shrew, like ev'ry other Maid  
 Who turns the corner of nineteen,  
 Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.

Her



Her Tongue (for as, when bound for life,  
The Husband suffers for the Wife,  
So if in any works of rhyme  
Perchance there blunders out a crime,  
Poor Culprit Bards must always rue it,  
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)  
Sooner or later cannot fail  
To send me headlong to a jail.  
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuse  
In modern days without a *Muse*,  
Just as a Father will provide  
To join a Bridegroom and a Bride,  
As if, tho' they must be the Play'rs,  
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)  
Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still  
Owns no direction but her will,  
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,  
By ways oblique and indirect,  
At once quite over head and ears,  
In fatal *Politics* appears ;  
Time was, and, if I ought discern  
Of Fate, that Time shall soon return,  
When *decent* and *demure* at least,  
As grave and dull as any Priest,

I could



I could see *Vice* in robes array'd,  
 Could see the game of *Folly* play'd  
 Successfully in Fortune's school,  
 Without exclaiming rogue or fool;  
 Time was, when nothing loth or proud,  
 I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,  
 Scoundrels in Office, and would bow  
 To Cyphers great in place; but now  
 Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,  
 To compliment a shatter'd state,  
 Had me, like *ATLAS*, hither sent  
 To shoulder up the firmament,  
 And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack  
 The Heavens would tumble from my back;  
 Time was, when rank and situation  
 Secur'd the great Ones of the Nation  
 From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*  
 Kept only little Knaves in awe,  
 But now, *Decorum* lost, I stand  
*Bemus'd*, a Pencil in my hand,  
 And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,  
 Careless of Safety and of Fame,  
 The names of Scoundrels minute down,  
 And Libel more than half the Town.



How can a Statesman be secure  
In all his Villanies, if poor  
And dirty Authors thus shall dare  
To lay his rotten bosom bare?  
*Muses* should pass away their time,  
In dressing out the Poet's rhyme  
With Bills and Ribbands, and array  
Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.  
When the hot burning Fit is on,  
They should regale their restless Son  
With something to allay his rage,  
Some cool Castalian Beverage,  
Or some such draught (tho' *They*, 'tis plain,  
Taking the *Muses* name in vain,  
Know nothing of their real court,  
And only fable from report)  
As makes a WHITEHEAD'S *Ode* go down,  
Or flakes the *Feverette* of Brown:  
But who would in his Senses think  
Of *Muses* Giving gall to drink,  
Or that their folly should afford  
To raving Poets Gun or Sword?  
Poets were ne'er design'd by fate  
To meddle with affairs of State,

Nor



Nor should (if we may speak our thought  
Truely as men of Honour ought)  
Sound Policy their rage admit,  
To Launch the thunderbolts of Wit  
About those heads, which, when they're shot,  
Cant't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.

These things well known, what Devil in spite  
Can have seduc'd me thus to write  
Out of that road, which must have led  
To riches, without heart or head,  
Into that road, which, had I more  
Than ever Poet had before,  
Of Wit and Virtue, in disgrace  
Would keep me still, and out of place,  
Which, if some *Judge* (You'll understand  
One famous, famous thro' the land  
For *making* Law) should stand my friend,  
At last may in a Pill'ry end,  
And all this, I myself admit,  
Without one cause to lead to it.——

For instance now—this book—the GHOST—  
Methinks I hear some Critic Post

Remark



Remark most gravely—"The first word  
Which we about the Ghost have heard."

Peace my good Sir—not quite so fast—

What is the first, may be the last,

Which is a point, all must agree,

Cannot depend on You or Me.

FANNY, no Ghost of common mould,

Is not by forms to be controul'd,

To keep her state, and shew her skill,

She never comes but when she will.

I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,

And shrewdly, what I wrote about,

Believe me, much to my disgrace,

I too am in the self-same case)

But still I wrote, till FANNY came

Impatient, nor could any shame

On me with equal justice fall,

If She had never come at all.

An Underling, I could not stir

Without the Cue thrown out by her,

Nor from the subject aid receive

Until She came, and gave me leave.

So that (Ye Sons of Erudition

Mark, this is but a supposition,

Nor



Nor would I to so wise a nation  
Suggest it as a *Revelation*)  
If henceforth dully turning o'er  
Page after Page, Ye read no more  
Of FANNY, who, in Sea or Air,  
May be departed God knows where,  
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree  
No censure can be laid on me,  
For sure (the cause let MANSFIELD try)  
FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,  
A secret worth its weight in gold  
To those who write, as I write now,  
Not to mind where they go, or how,  
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,  
Make it but worth the Reader's while,  
And keep a passage fair and plain  
Always to bring him back again.  
Thro' dirt, who scruples to approach,  
At pleasure's call, to take a coach,  
But we should think the man a clown  
Who in the dirt should set us down?



But to return—if *Why*, who ne'er  
The shackles of restrain could bear,  
In wayward humour should refuse  
Her timely succour to the *Muse*,  
And to no rules and orders tied  
Roughly deny to be her guide,  
She must renounce *Decorum's* plan,  
And get back when, and how she can,  
As *Parsons*, who, without pretext,  
As soon as mention'd, quit their text,  
And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,  
Grove in the dark for half an hour,  
Give no more Reason (for we know  
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)  
Why they come back (should it befall  
That ever they come back at all)  
Into the road, to end their rout,  
Than they can give *Why* they went out.

But to return—this Book—the *GHOST*—  
A mere amusement at the most,  
A trifle, fit to wear away  
The horrors of a rainy day,

A flight



A flight shot filk, for summer wear,  
Just as our modern Statesmen are,  
If rigid honesty permit  
That I for once purloin the Wit  
Of him, who, were we all to steal,  
Is much too rich the theft to feel.  
Yet in this Book, where Ease should join  
With Mirth to *sugar* ev'ry line,  
Where it should all be mere *Cbit Chat*,  
Lively, Good-humour'd, and *all that*,  
Where *honest* SATIRE, in disgrace,  
Should not so much as shew her face,  
The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,  
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,  
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks  
In *Science, Trade, and Politics*.

But why should the distemper'd Scold  
Attempt to blacken Men enroll'd  
In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill  
Can twist an Empire to their will,  
Whose Voice is Fate, and on their tongue  
*Law, Liberty, and Life* are hung,

Whom,



Whom, on enquiry, Truth shall find,  
With STUARTS *link'd*, time out of mind  
Superior to their Country's Laws,  
Defenders of a Tyrant's cause,  
Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold  
*Darkly*, which they avow'd of old,  
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue  
The end which they had first in view,  
And, force found vain, now play their part  
With much less Honour, much more Art?  
Why, at the corners of the Streets,  
To ev'ry Patriot drudge She meets,  
Known or unknown, with furious cry  
Should She wild clamours vent, or why,  
The minds of *Groundlings* to enflame,  
A DASHWOOD, BUTE, and WYNDHAM name?  
Why, having not to our surprize  
The fear of death before her Eyes,  
Bearing, and that but now and then,  
No other weapon but her pen,  
Should She an argument afford  
For blood, to Men who *wear a sword*,  
Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*  
A point of HONOUR to a hair,

(HONOUR



(HONOUR—a Word of nice import,  
 A pretty trinket in a Court,  
 Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels  
 Dangling, and rattling with his Seals—  
 HONOUR—a Word, which all the *Nine*  
 Would be much puzzled to define—  
 HONOUR—a Word which torture mocks  
 And might confound a thousand LOCKES—  
 Which (for I leave to wiser heads,  
 Who fields of death prefer to beds  
 Of down, to find out, if they can,  
 What HONOUR *is*, on their Wild plan)  
 Is *not*, to take it in their Way,  
 And this we sure may dare to say  
 Without incurring an offence,  
*Courage, Law, Honesty, or Sense*)  
 Men, who all Spirit, Life, and Soul,  
 Neat Butchers of a *Button-hole*,  
 Having more skill, believe it true  
 That they must have more courage too,  
 Men, who without a place or name,  
 Their Fortunes speechless as their fame,  
 Would by the Sword new Fortunes carve,  
 And rather die in fight than starve?



At *Coronations*, a vast field  
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,  
Of good sound food, at once most fit  
For purposes of health and wit,  
Could not ambitious SATIRE rest,  
Content with what she might digest;  
Could she not feast on things of course,  
A *Champion*, or a *Champion's horse*;  
A *Champion's horse* — no, better say,  
Tho' better figur'd on that day —  
A *horse*, which might appear to us,  
Who deal in rhyme, a PEGASUS,  
A *Rider*, who, when once got on,  
Might pass for a BELLEROPHON,  
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,  
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,  
To witch, with wand instead of whip,  
The world with *noble* horsemanship,  
To twist and twine, both Horse and Man,  
On such a well-concerted plan,  
That, *Centaur*-like, when all was done,  
We scarce could think they were not one?  
Could She not to our itching ears  
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* Peers,

Who



Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,  
With shoulders fitter for a knot,  
Than robes of Honour, for whose sake  
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,  
To make, because they could not find,  
Great Predecessors to their mind?  
Could She not (tho' 'tis doubtful since  
Whether He *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)  
Tell of a simple Knight's advance  
To be a doughty Peer of *France*,  
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,  
And ROBINSON was AQUITAIN,  
Tell how our City-Chiefs, disgrac'd,  
Were at an empty table plac'd,  
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,  
They can't forget, and won't forgive,  
A gross neglect of all those rights  
Which march with City Appetites,  
Of all those Canons, which we find  
By *Gluttony*, time out of mind,  
Establish'd; which they ever hold,  
Dearer than any thing but Gold?

Thanks



Thanks to my Stars — I now see shore —  
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more —  
Thus stumbling on my City Friends,  
Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends  
In line direct, and shall pursue  
The point which I had first in view,  
Nor more shall with the Reader sport  
Till I have seen him safe in port.  
Hush'd be each fear — no more I bear  
Thro' the wide regions of the air  
The Reader terrified, no more  
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.  
Be the plain track from henceforth mine —  
*Cross-roads* to ALLEN I resign,  
ALLEN, the honour of this nation,  
ALLEN, himself a *Corporation*,  
ALLEN, of late notorious grown  
For writings none, or all his own,  
ALLEN, the first of *letter'd* men,  
Since the *good* Bishop holds his pen,  
And at his elbow takes his stand  
To mend his head, and guide his hand.  
But hold — once more *Digression* hence —  
Let us return to *Common-Sense*,

The



The Car of PHOEBUS I discharge;  
My Carriage now a LORD-MAYOR'S *Barge*.

Suppose we now—we may suppose  
In Verse, what would be Sin in Prose—  
The Sky with darkness overspread,  
And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed,  
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride  
In some dark corner thrown aside,  
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way  
To what they seem to scorn by day,  
The real feelings of the heart,  
And Nature taking place of Art,  
*Desire* triumphant thro' the Night,  
And *Beauty* panting with delight,  
*Chastity*, Woman's fairest crown,  
Till the return of Morn laid down,  
Then to be worn again as bright  
As if not sullied in the Night,  
Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,  
Dreaming in form at COTTRELL'S door,  
*Precaution* trudging all about  
To see the Candles safely out,



Bearing a mighty *Master-Key*,  
Habited like *Oeconomy*,  
Stamping each lock with triple seals,  
Mean AV'RICE creeping at her heels.

Suppose we too, like sheep in Pen,  
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*  
Within their barge, which, thro' the deep,  
The Rowers more than half asleep,  
Mov'd flow, as over-charg'd with State;  
THAMES groan'd beneath the mighty weight,  
And felt that *bawble* heavier far  
Than a whole fleet of men of war.  
SLEEP o'er each well-known faithful head,  
With lib'ral hand his Poppies shed,  
Each head, by DULLNESS rend' red fit  
SLEEP and his Empire to admit.  
Thro' the whole passage not a word,  
Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;  
SLEEP had prevail'd to overwhelm  
The Steersman nodding o'er the helm;  
The Rower, without force or skill,  
Left the dull Barge to drive at will;

The



The sluggish Oars suspended hung,  
 And even BEARDMORE held his *tongue*.  
 COMMERCE, regardful of a freight,  
 On which depended half her *State*,  
 Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand  
 She safely clear'd that bank of Sand,  
 Where, stranded, our West-Country Fleet  
 Delay and Danger often meet ;  
 Till NEPTUNE, anxious for the trade,  
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid ;  
 Next (for the Muses can survey  
 Objects by Night as well as day,  
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,  
 Darkness and Light to them the same)  
 They past that building, which of old  
*Queen-Mothers* was design'd to hold,  
 At present a mere *lodging-pen*,  
 A Palace turn'd into a den,  
 To Barracks turn'd, and Soldiers tread  
 Where *Dowagers* have laid their head ;  
 Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,  
 Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,  
 All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,  
 In proper form to drawl out Law,

To



To see all causes duly tried  
'Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?  
Why at the *Temple* should we stay?  
What of the *Temple* dare we say?  
A dang'rous ground we tread on there,  
And words perhaps may actions bear,  
Where, as the Breth'ren of the seas  
For *fares*, the Lawyers ply for fees.  
What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made  
To serve the purposes of trade,  
In the great Mart of all this Nation,  
By stopping up the Navigation,  
And to that Sand-bank adding weight,  
Which is already much too great?—  
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of Sense,  
But well supplied with impudence,  
*Englishmen*, knowing not the *Guild*,  
Thought they might have a claim to build,  
Till PATERSON, as white as milk,  
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,  
In solemn manner had decreed,  
That, on the other side the TWEED,  
ART, born and bred, and fully grown,  
Was with one MYLNE, a man unknown,

But



But grace, preferment, and renown  
 Deserving, just arriv'd in town ;  
 One MYLNE, an Artist perfect quite,  
 Both in his own, and country's right,  
 As fit to make a bridge, as He,  
 With glorious *Patavinity*,  
 To build inscriptions, worthy found  
 To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,  
 Was this a season to pursue  
 The theme, Our Muse might tell in rhyme ;  
 The Will She hath, but not the time ;  
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,  
 (And when a Goddess comes, we know,  
 Surpassing Nature acts prevail,  
 And boats want neither oar, nor fail)  
 The Vessel past, and reach'd the shore  
 So quick, that Thought was scarce before.

Suppose we now our *City-Court*  
 Safely deliver'd at the port,  
 And, of their State regardless quite,  
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night ;



The solemn Magistrate laid down,  
The dignity of robe and gown  
With ev'ry other ensign gone ;  
Suppose the woollen Night-Cap on ;  
The *Flesh-brush* us'd with decent state  
To make the Spirits circulate,  
(A form, which to the Senses true,  
The liq'rish Chaplain uses too,  
Tho', something to improve the plan,  
He takes the Maid instead of Man)  
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er  
To shew the vigour of threescore,  
The vigour of threescore and ten  
Above the proof of younger men,  
Suppose the mighty DULLMAN led  
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed ;  
Suppose, the moment he lies down,  
No miracle in this great town,  
The Drone as fast asleep, as He  
Must in the course of Nature be,  
Who, truth for our foundation take,  
When up, is never half awake.

There



There let him sleep, whilst we survey  
The preparations for the day,  
That day, on which was to be shewn  
*Court-Pride* by *City-Pride* outdone.

The jealous Mother sends away,  
As only fit for childish play,  
That Daughter, who, to gall her pride,  
Shoots up too forward by her side.

The *Wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,  
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,  
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day  
Struts in some Spendthrift's vain array;  
Around his aukward doxy shine  
The treasures of GOLCONDA's mine,  
Each Neighbour, with a jealous glare,  
Beholds her folly publish'd there.

~ *Garments*, well-fav'd (an anecdote  
Which we can prove, or would not quote)  
*Garments* well-fav'd, which first were made,  
When Taylors, to promote their trade,

Against



Against the *Picts* in arms arose,  
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;  
*Garments*, immortal, without end,  
Like Names, and Titles, which descend  
Successively from Sire to Son;  
*Garments*, unless some work is done  
Of Note, not suffer'd to appear  
'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,  
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare  
To take the benefit of air,  
And, ere they came to be employ'd  
On this Solemnity, to void  
That scent, which RUSSIA'S leather gave,  
From vile and impious Moth to save.

Each head was busy, and each heart  
In preparation bore a part.  
Running together all about  
The Servants put each other out,  
Till the grave Master had decreed,  
*The more haste, ever the worst speed;*  
*Miss*, with her little eyes half-clos'd,  
Over a smuggled toilet dos'd,

The



The *Waiting-Maid*, whom Story notes  
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,  
Hir' d for one Work, but doing all,  
In slumbers lean'd against the wall;  
*Milliners*, summon'd from afar,  
Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-bar*,  
Strictly commanded to import  
Cart-loads of foppery from Court;  
With labour'd visible design  
ART strove to be *superbly* fine,  
NATURE, more pleasing, tho' more wild,  
Taught otherwise her *darling* child,  
And cried, with spirited disdain,  
Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,  
A welcome prelude to the feast,  
In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,  
High in a Car by VULCAN made,  
Who work'd for JOVE himself, each Steed  
High-mettled, of celestial breed,  
Pawing and Pacing all the way,  
AURORA brought the wish'd-for day,

Z z

And



And held her empire, till outrun  
By that brave jolly groom the SUN.

The Trumpet—hark! it speaks—It swells  
The loud full harmony, It tells  
The time at hand, when DULLMAN, led  
By form, his Citizens must head,  
And march those troops, which at his call  
Were now assembled, to *Guild-Hall*,  
On matters of importance great  
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.

From end to end the sound makes way,  
All hear the Signal and obey,  
But DULLMAN, who, his charge forgot,  
By MORPHEUS fetter'd, heard it not;  
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,  
Hear any Trumpet, but the last.

CRAPE, ever true and trusty known,  
Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,  
Then, in the Spirituals of pride,  
Planted himself at DULLMAN's side.

*Thrice*



*Thrice* did the ever-faithful Slave,  
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,  
 And broke death's adamantine chain,  
 On DULLMAN call, but call'd in vain;  
*Thrice* with an arm, which might have made  
 The THEBAN Boxer curse his trade,  
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,  
 And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.  
 What could be done? where force hath fail'd,  
 Policy often hath prevail'd,  
 And what, an inference most plain,  
 Had been, CRAPE thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind  
 The Proverb kept, *fast bind, fast find*)  
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,  
 Which CRAPE to draw away assay'd.  
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm  
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm;  
 Quick started He with stupid stare,  
 For all his little Soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,  
 In Elbow-Chair, and Morning-Gown;

Behold



Behold him, in his latter bloom,  
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;  
Behold him bending with the weight  
Of Robes, and trumpery of State;  
Behold him (for the Maxim's true,  
Whate'er we by another do,  
We do ourselves, and Chaplain paid,  
Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,  
Had mutter'd over God knows what,  
Something which he by heart had got)  
Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,  
Go *titter, totter*, to the stairs;  
Behold him for descent prepare,  
With one foot trembling in the air;  
He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,  
And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;  
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave  
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)  
At once, as with infection caught,  
Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;  
He turns, and they turn; big with care,  
He waddles to his Elbow-Chair,  
*Squats* down, and, silent for a season,  
At last with CRAPE begins to reason;

But



But first of all he made a sign  
That ev'ry foul, but the *Divine*,  
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,  
He may all confidence repose.

CRAPE—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—  
Before this awful step I take,  
On which my future all depends,  
I ought to know my foes and friends.  
By foes and friends, observe me still,  
I mean not those who well, or ill  
Perhaps may wish me, but those who  
Have't in their pow'r to do it too.  
Now if, attentive to the State,  
In too much hurry to be great,  
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, CRAPE,  
Deserving praise, into a scrape  
I, like a Fool, am got, no doubt,  
I, like a Wise Man, should get out.  
Not that, remark without replies,  
I say that to get out is wise,  
Or, by the very self-same rule  
That to get in was like a Fool;

A a a

The



The marrow of this argument  
Must wholly rest on the event,  
And therefore, which is really hard,  
Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they *stand*,  
And BUTE prevail thro' all the land  
Without a rival, by his aid,  
My fortunes in a trice are made;  
Nay, Honours on my zeal may smile,  
And stamp me Earl of some great Isle;  
But if, a matter of much doubt,  
The present Minister goes out,  
Fain would I know on what pretext  
I can stand fairly with the next?  
For as my aim at ev'ry hour  
Is to be well with those in pow'r,  
And my material point of view,  
Whoever's in, to be in too,  
I should not, like a blockhead, chuse  
To gain *these* so as *those* to lose;  
'Tis good in ev'ry case, You know,  
To have two strings unto our bow.



As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd  
His Lord, who thus his speech pursued,

This, my good Crape, is my grand point,  
And, as the times are out of joint,  
The greater caution is requir'd  
To bring about the point desir'd.  
What I would wish to bring about  
Cannot admit a moment's doubt,  
The matter in dispute, You know,  
Is what we call the *quomodo*.  
That be thy task—The Rev'rend Slave,  
Becoming in a moment grave,  
Fixt to the ground, and rooted stood,  
Just like a man cut out of wood,  
Such as we see (without the least  
Reflexion glancing on the Priest)  
One or more, planted up and down,  
Almost in ev'ry Church in town;  
He stood some minutes, then, like one  
Who wish'd the matter might be done,  
But could not do it, shook his head,  
And thus the man of Sorrow said :

Hard is this task, too hard I swear,  
 By much too hard for me to bear,  
 Beyond expression hard my part,  
 Could mighty DULLMAN see my heart,  
 When He, alas! makes known a will,  
 Which CRAPE's not able to fulfil.  
 Was ever my obedience barr'd  
 By any trifling nice regard  
 To Sense and Honour? could I reach  
 Thy meaning without help of speech,  
 At the first motion of thy eye  
 Did not thy faithful creature fly?  
 Have I not said, not what I ought,  
 But what my earthly Master taught?  
 Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,  
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong?  
 Did ever Int'rest, to whom Thou  
 Can'st not with more devotion bow,  
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine  
 In contradiction run to thine?  
 Have I not, at thy table plac'd,  
 When business call'd aloud for haste,  
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard  
 To utter one complaining word,



And had, till thy great work was done,  
All appetites, as having none?  
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd  
Of Voluntary servitude,  
Pursued, without or shame or fear,  
Thro' the great circle of the Year,  
Now to receive, in this grand hour,  
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,  
Commands which baffle all my skill,  
And leave me nothing but my will:  
Be that accepted; let my Lord  
Indulgence to his slave afford;  
This Task, for my poor strength unfit,  
Will yield to none but DULLMAN's wit.

With such gross incense gratified,  
And turning up the lip of pride,  
*Poor* CRAPE — and shook his empty head —  
*Poor puzzled* CRAPE, wise DULLMAN said,  
Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,  
For things of lower note design'd,  
For things within the vulgar reach,  
To run *of* errands, and to preach,

Well hast Thou judg'd, that heads like mine  
Cannot want help from heads like thine;  
Well hast Thou judg'd thyself unmeet  
Of such high argument to treat;  
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,  
And all I said was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, CRAPE, a disgrace  
Or to my Person, or my place;  
The wisest of the Sons of Men  
Have deign'd to use them now and then.  
The only caution, do You see,  
Demanded by our dignity,  
From common use and men exempt,  
Is that they may not breed contempt.  
Great Use they have, when in the hands  
Of One, like me, who understands,  
Who understands the time, and place,  
The persons, manner, and the grace,  
Which Fools neglect; so that we find,  
If all the requisites are join'd  
From whence a perfect joke must spring,  
A joke's a very serious thing.

But



But to our business — my design,  
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,  
To my Capacity is made  
As ready as a fraud in trade,  
Which, like Broad-Cloth, I can, with ease,  
Cut out in any shape I please.

*Some*, in my circumstance, some few,  
Ay, and those men of Genius too,  
*Good* Men, who, without Love or Hate,  
Whether they early rise or late,  
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,  
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,  
By *threadbare* ways and means would try  
To bear their point — so will not I.  
New methods shall my wisdom find  
To suit these matters to my mind,  
So that the Infidels at Court,  
Who make our City Wits their sport,  
Shall hail the honours of my reign,  
And own that DULLMAN bears a brain.

*Some*, in my place, to gain their ends,  
Would give relations up, and friends ;

Would

Would lend a wife, who, they might swear  
Safely, was none the worse for wear;  
Would see a Daughter, yet a maid,  
Into a Statesman's arms betray'd,  
Nay, should the Girl prove coy, nor know  
What Daughters to a Father owe,  
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd  
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;  
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,  
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;  
Would ev'ry petty band forget;  
To public eye be with *one* set,  
In private with a *second* herd,  
And be by Proxy with a *third*;  
Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read  
The other day — her name is fled —  
In a book (where, together bound,  
WHITTINGTON and his CAT I found,  
A tale most true, and free from art,  
Which all LORD-MAYORS should have by heart)  
A *Queen* (O might those days begin  
Afresh when Queens would learn to spin)  
Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot,  
The cause of which I've now forgot,

During



During the absence of the Sun  
Undid, what She by day had done)  
Whilst they a double visage wear,  
What's sworn by Day, by Night unswear.

Such be their Arts, and such perchance  
May happily their ends advance :  
From a new system *mine* shall spring,  
A LOCUM-TENENS is the thing.  
That's your true Plan — to obligate  
The present Ministers of State,  
My *Shadow* shall our Court approach,  
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*,  
My *fine State-Coach*, superb to view,  
*A fine State-Coach*, and paid for too ;  
To curry favour, and the grace  
Obtain, of those who're out of place,  
In the mean time *I* — that's to say —  
*I* proper, *I* myself — *here* stay.

But hold — perhaps unto the Nation,  
Who hate the Scot's administration,  
To lend my Coach may seem to be  
Declaring for the Ministry,

For where the City-Coach is, there  
Is the true essence of the MAYOR.  
Therefore (for wise men are intent  
Evils at distance to prevent,  
Whilst Fools the evils first endure,  
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)  
No *Coach* — a *Horse* — and free from fear  
To make our *Deputy* appear,  
Fast on his back shall he be tied,  
With two grooms marching by his side,  
Then for a *Horse* — thro' all the land,  
To head our solemn City-band,  
Can any one so fit be found,  
As He, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,  
Without a Rider, noble Sight,  
Led on our bravest troops to fight.

But first, CRAPE, for my Honour's sake,  
A tender point, enquiry make  
About that *Horse*, if the dispute  
Is ended, or is still in suit.  
For whilst a cause (observe this plan  
Of Justice) whether *Horse* or *Man*

The



The parties be, remains in doubt,  
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,  
That Pow'r must tyranny appear,  
Which should, *Pre-judging*, interfere,  
And weak faint Judges over-awe  
To bias the free course of Law.

You have my will—now quickly run,  
And take care that my will be done.  
In public, CRAPE, You must appear,  
Whilst I in privacy sit here;  
Here shall great DULLMAN sit alone,  
Making this Elbow-Chair my throne,  
And, You performing what I bid,  
Do all, as if I nothing did.

CRAPE heard, and speeded on his way;  
With him to hear was to obey;  
Not without trouble be assur'd,  
A proper Proxy was procur'd  
To serve such infamous intent,  
And such a Lord to represent,  
Nor could one have been found at all  
On t'other side of *London-wall*.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow  
Behold the grand Procession go,  
All moving on, Cat after kind,  
As if for motion ne'er design'd.

*Constables*, whom the Laws admit  
To keep the Peace by breaking it;  
*Beadles*, who hold the second place  
By virtue of a silver mace,  
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,  
For use of *Sunday*, out of pawn;  
*Treasurers*, who with empty key  
Secure an empty Treasury;  
*Churchwardens*, who their course pursue  
In the same state, as to their pew  
*Churchwardens of Saint Marg'ret* go,  
Since PEIRSON taught them pride and show,  
Who in short transient pomp appear,  
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,  
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,  
CHARITY carries the *Poor's Box*,  
Not knowing that with private keys  
They ope and shut it when they please,  
Overseers,



*Overseers*, who by frauds ensure  
 The heavy curses of the poor;  
*Unclean* came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,  
 Like Beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van  
 Stalk'd the *Professor* SHERIDAN;  
 A Man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,  
 A downright *animal Machine*.  
 He knows alone in proper mode  
 How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,  
 And how to butcher AMMON'S Son,  
 And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.  
 On all occasions next the Chair  
 He stands for service of the MAYOR,  
 And to instruct him how to use  
 His *A's*, and *B's*, and *P's*, and *Q's*.  
 O'er *Letters*, into tatters worn,  
 O'er *Syllables*, defac'd and torn,  
 O'er *Words* disjointed, and o'er *Sense*  
 Left destitute of all defence,  
 He strides, and all the way he goes,  
 Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Cribs-Cross-Rows*.

D d d Before



Before him ev'ry *Consonant*  
 In agonies is seen to pant;  
 Behind, in forms not to be known,  
 The Ghosts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next HART and DUKE, well worthy grace  
 And City favour, came in place.  
 No Children can their toils engage,  
 Their toils are turn'd to Rev'rend Age.  
 When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows  
 Resolv'd, is wed to City Spouse,  
 Their aid with *Madam's* aid must join  
 The aukward Dotard to refine,  
 And teach, whence truest glory flows,  
*Grave Sixty* to turn out his toes.  
 Each bore in hand a Kit, and each  
 To shew how fit he was to teach  
 A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,  
 Led in a string a *dancing Bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,  
 Custom, and Custom's all in all,  
 Commands that we should have regard,  
 On all high seasons, to the *Bard*.

Great



Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue  
 Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.  
 This place to fill, renown'd in fame,  
 The high and mighty LOCKMAN came,  
 And, ne'er forgot in DULLMAN's reign,  
 With proper order to maintain  
 The *Uniformity* of Pride,  
 Brought *Brother* WHITEHEAD by his side.

On Horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,  
 And cast his fiery eyeballs round,  
 Snorting, and champing the rude bit,  
 As if, for warlike purpose fit,  
 His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd  
 To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,  
 Great DYMCK, in his glorious station,  
 Paraded at the Coronation.  
 Not so our *City* DYMCK came,  
 Heavy, dispirited, and tame,  
 No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,  
 He on a mighty *Dray-horse* doz'd.  
 Fate never could a horse provide  
 So fit for such a man to ride,

Nor



Nor find a Man, with strictest care,  
So fit for such a horse to bear.  
Hung round with instruments of death,  
The sight of him would stop the breath  
Of braggart Cowardice, and make  
The very *Court-Drawcanfir* quake.  
With *Durks*, which, in the hands of Spite,  
Do their damn'd business in the Night,  
From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd  
Only to fill up the Parade;  
With *Swords*, unflesh'd, of maiden hue,  
Which Rage or Valour never drew;  
With *Blunderbusses*, taught to ride,  
Like *Pocket-Pistols*, by his side,  
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be  
A little moving *Armory*.  
One thing much wanting to complete  
The sight, and make a perfect treat,  
Was that the Horse (a Courtesy  
In Horses found of high degree)  
Instead of going forward on,  
All the way backward should have gone.  
*Horses*, unless they breeding lack,  
Some Scruple make to turn their back,

Tho'



Tho' Riders, which plain Truth declares,  
No scruple make of Turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,  
Fit only for a standing jest,  
The *independent* (can you get  
A better suited Epithet)  
The *independent* AMYAND came,  
All burning with the sacred flame  
Of Liberty, which well he knows  
On the great stock of slav'ry grows.  
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of Mate  
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,  
From spray to spray no more will hop,  
But sits alone on the House-top,  
Or like Himself, when all alone  
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,  
Lifting *both* hands in the defence  
Of Interest, and Common-Sense;  
*Both* hands, for as no other man  
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,  
The *Left*-hand had been lonesome quite,  
If He had not held up the *right*,

E e e

Apart

Apart He came, and fix'd his eyes  
With rapture on a distant prize,  
On which in Letters worthy note,  
There, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, was wrote.  
False trap, for Credit sapp'd is found  
By getting twenty thousand pound ;  
Nay, look not thus on Me, and stare,  
Doubting the Certainty — to swear  
In such a case I should be loth —  
But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd,  
With the prim Quaker, FRAUD, came TRADE ;  
CONNIVANCE, to improve the plan,  
Habited like a *Jury-man*,  
Judging as Interest prevails,  
Came next with measures, weights, and scales ;  
EXTORTION next, of hellish race,  
A Cub most damn'd, to shew his face  
Forbid by fear, but not by shame,  
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like — came ;  
CORRUPTION, MIDAS-like, behold  
Turning whate'er She touch'd to gold,

IMPOTENCE



IMPOTENCE led by LUST, and PRIDE  
Strutting with PONTON by her side,  
HYPOCRISY, demure and sad,  
In garments of the Priesthood clad,  
So well disguis'd, that You might swear,  
Deceiv'd, a very Priest was there;  
BANKRUPTCY, full of ease and health,  
And wallowing in *well-sav'd* wealth,  
Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,  
And bringing B—— in her hand;  
VICTORY, hanging down her head,  
Was by a highland Stallion led;  
PEACE, cloath'd in fables, with a face  
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,  
Which spake a deep and rooted shame  
Both of Herself and of her Name,  
Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels  
WAR, grim WAR treading on her heels;  
*Pale* CREDIT, shaken by the arts  
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,  
Taking no notice of a band  
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,  
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,  
Look'd wistful all around for PITT.

FREEDOM

FREEDOM—at that most hallow'd name  
 My Spirits mount into a flame,  
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains  
 E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins  
 The tides of life more rapid run,  
 And tell me I am FREEDOM'S Son—  
 FREEDOM came next, but scarce was seen,  
 When the sky, which appear'd serene  
 And gay before, was overcast;  
 Horror bestrode a *foreign* blast,  
 And from the *prison* of the *North*,  
 To FREEDOM deadly, Storms burst forth.

A *Car* like those, in which, we're told,  
 Our wild Forefathers warr'd of old,  
 Loaded with Death, six Horses bear  
 Thro' the blank region of the air.  
 Too fierce for time or art to tame,  
 They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame  
 From their wide Nostrils; ev'ry Steed  
 Was of that ancient savage breed  
 Which fell GERVON nurs'd; their food  
 The flesh of Man, their drink his blood.



On the first Horses, ill-match'd pair,  
*This* fat and sleek, *That* lean and bare,  
Came ill-match'd Riders side by side,  
And POVERTY was yolk'd with PRIDE:  
Union most strange it must appear,  
Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,  
With rage, which words can ill express,  
With unforgiving rage, which springs  
From a false zeal for holy things,  
Wearing such robes as Prophets wear,  
False Prophets plac'd in PETER's chair,  
On which, in Characters of fire,  
Shapes Antic, horrible and dire,  
Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,  
In groups appear'd a rabble crew  
Of Sainted Devils, where all round  
Vile *Reliques* of vile men were found,  
Who, worse than Devils, from the birth  
Perform'd the work of Hell on earth,  
*Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,*  
Pointing at *axes, wheels, and ropes,*

F f f

And

And *Engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,  
Which none but the destroyer, Man,  
Could, to promote his selfish views,  
Have heads to make, or hearts to use,  
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,  
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,  
Remembrance of Our dying Lord,  
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;  
Having her brows, in impious sport,  
Adorn'd with words of high import,  
*On earth PEACE, amongst men, GOOD WILL,*  
*LOVE bearing, and forbearing still,*  
All wrote in the *hearts-blood* of those  
Who rather Death than Falshood chose;  
On her breast (where, in days of Yore,  
When God lov'd *Jews*, the HIGH-PRIEST wore  
Those Oracles, which were decreed  
T'instruct and guide the chosen seed)  
Having, with glory clad and strength,  
The VIRGIN pictur'd at *full length*,  
Whilst at her feet, in *small* pourtray'd,  
As scarce worth notice, CHRIST was laid,  
Came SUPERSTITION, fierce and fell,  
An Imp detested, e'en in hell;

Her



Her Eye inflam'd, her face all o'er  
 Fouly besmear'd with human gore,  
 O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* She rode;  
 Fast at her heels DEATH proudly strode,  
 And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see  
 Such havock of mortality.  
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,  
 And urging on each bad intent  
 To its full bearing, Savage, Wild,  
 The Mother fit of such a child,  
 Striving the empire to advance  
 Of Sin and Death, came IGNORANCE.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,  
 And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride disgrac'd,  
 Where, loudly witnessing a mind  
 Of savage more than human kind,  
 Not chusing to be lov'd, but fear'd,  
 Mocking at right, MISRULE appear'd,  
 With Eyeballs glaring fiery red  
 Enough to strike beholders dead,  
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood  
 Pouring corruption forth and blood

From

From his chaf'd jaws; without remorse  
Whipping, and spurring on his horse,  
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,  
E'en to the bone were open laid,  
Came TYRANNY; disdaining awe,  
And trampling over *Sense* and *Law*.  
One thing and only one He knew,  
One object only would pursue,  
Tho' Less (so low doth Passion bring)  
Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art,  
Which might corrupt the head and heart,  
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,  
Companion meet, was FLATT'RY join'd.  
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look  
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;  
When simple most, most to be fear'd;  
Most crafty, when no craft appear'd;  
His tales, no man like him could tell;  
His words, which melted as they fell,  
Might e'en a Hypocrite deceive,  
And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly



Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er  
Those who had cheated been before :  
Such FLATT'RY came in evil hour,  
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,  
And, grown by *Prostitution* great,  
Would be first Minister of State.

Within the Chariot, all alone,  
High seated on a kind of throne,  
With pebbles grac'd, a Figure came,  
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.  
Hard times when Justice, without fear,  
Dare not bring forth to public ear  
The names of those, who dare offend  
'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end ;  
But, if the Muse afford me grace,  
Description shall supply the place.

In *foreign* garments he was clad,  
Sage Ermine o'er the glossy *Plaid*  
Cast rev'rend honour, on his heart,  
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,  
In silver wrought, and brighter far  
Than heav'nly or than earthly Star,

Shone a *White Rose*, the Emblem dear  
Of him He ever must revere,  
Of that dread Lord, who, with his host  
Of faithful native rebels lost,  
Like those black Spirits doom'd to hell,  
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;  
Around his clouded brows was plac'd  
A *Bonnet*, most superbly grac'd  
With mighty *Thistles*, nor forgot  
The sacred motto, *Touch me not*.

In the right-hand a sword He bore  
Harder than Adamant, and more  
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth  
Of the rough North invade the South;  
The reeking blade to view presents  
The blood of helpless Innocents,  
And on the hilt, as meek become  
As Lambs before the Shearers dumb,  
With downcast eye, and solemn frown  
Of deep unutterable woe,  
Mourning the time when FREEDOM reign'd,  
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.



In his left-hand, in wax imprest,  
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,  
An *Image*, cast in baby mould,  
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.  
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this  
Bowing he gave the loyal kifs,  
And, for Rebellion fully ripe,  
Seem'd to desire the ANTITYPE.  
What if to that *Pretender's* foes  
His greatness, nay, his life he owes,  
Shall common obligations bind,  
And shake his constancy of mind?  
Scorning such weak and petty chains,  
Faithful to JAMES he still remains,  
Tho' he the friend of GEORGE appear:  
*Diffimulation's Virtue here.*

Jealous and Mean, he with a frown  
Would awe, and keep all merit down,  
Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,  
Unless *out-bullied* by his *friend*;  
Brave with the Coward, with the brave  
He is himself a Coward slave;

Aw'd

Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart  
To take a great and open part;  
Mines in a subtle train he springs,  
And, secret, saps the ears of Kings;  
But not e'en there continues firm  
'Gainst the resistance of a worm;  
Born in a Country, *where the will*  
*Of One is Law to all*, he still  
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim  
To spread it wheresoe'er he came;  
*Freedom* he hated, *Law* defied,  
The Prostitute of Pow'r and Pride;  
*Law* he with ease explains away,  
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;  
Much to the credit of his brain  
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,  
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,  
And, where he can't convince, confounds;  
Talents of rarest stamp and size,  
To Nature false, he misapplies,  
And turns to poison what was sent  
For purposes of nourishment.

*Palenefs,*



*Paleness*, not such as on his wings  
The Messenger of Sickness brings,  
But such as takes its coward rise  
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,  
O'erspread his cheeks; *Disdain* and *Pride*,  
To upstart Fortunes ever tied,  
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,  
Insidious, lurking like a spy  
To Caution principled by Fear,  
Not daring open to appear,  
Lodg'd covert *Mischief*; *Passion* hung  
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue  
*Fraud* dwelt at large; within his breast  
All that makes Villain found a nest,  
All that, on hell's completest plan,  
E're join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He rose,  
And with a look which might have froze  
The heart's best blood, which was enough  
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff  
In Cities than elsewhere, to make  
The very stoutest quail, and quake,

H h h

He

He cast his baleful eyes around ;  
Fix'd without motion to the ground,  
Fear waiting on surprize, All stood,  
And Horror chill'd their curdled blood.  
No more they thought of *Pomp*, no more  
(For they had seen his face before)  
Of *Law* they thought ; the cause forgot,  
Whether it was or Ghost, or Plot,  
Which drew them there, They All stood more  
Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done? Could Art, could Force,  
Or Both direct a proper course  
To make this savage Monster tame,  
Or send him back the way he came?  
What neither Art, nor Force, nor Both  
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,  
A *Lord* to that base wretch allied  
In Country, not in Vice and Pride,  
Effected ; from the self-same land,  
(Bad news for our blaspheming band  
Of Scribblers, but deserving note)  
The Poison came, and Antidote.

Abash'd



Abash'd the Monster hung his head,  
And, like an empty Vision, fled ;  
His Train, like Virgin Snows which run,  
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy Sun,  
To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in Air ;  
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,  
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe ;  
LOYALTY, LIBERTY, and LAW,  
Impatient of the galling chain,  
And Yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign ;  
And, burning with the glorious flame  
Of Public Virtue, MANSFIELD came.

F I N I S.

THE CHURCH

And, who from distant lands, I name thee,

Came forth, and stood before mine eyes,

To teach the people, and to lead them on,

To seek the Kingdom of God on earth,

And to bring forth the fruit of the tree of life,

Which is the Kingdom of God, and the life,

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